

Sun awakening
before a new tomorrow
leads it to nowhere

The melting plastic
sunlight upon the world
weaving the morning

Warm air and the clouds
drifting by like elegant
clowns at a circus

Summer of music
weeping for love lost
paper of blue jazz

Tell me of summer
the time we both fell in love
do you remember?

That old yesterday
Swimming in the warm ocean
alone all the time

Laying on my back
thoughts of the time we played
on the grass at home

The presence of this moonlight
makes me believe love
is a part of all things

If there is silences in life
let them exist now
behind the kiss in memory

Soon the darkness will fall
into the flow of tears
making a way there

Autumn and the wind
dying into a light breeze
now the sky is dark

Hot seasons dying
I go wading in the sea
and watch the birds laugh

Blankets in the cold
still I always thought of you
as a good father

The rain not yet here
I thought of the one moment
you were waiting for

Sounds, of old, feeling
their way, reaching, into you
rising to, the surface

Season becomes fall
all the colors start to change
I am still in love

Moon in black sky
silence in these deep moments
waiting for the morning

Rain, yet, to arrive
wet on the old scenery
making it seem new

I feel the whole sky
with one single breadth
just saying goodbye

Sky twisting the heat
in memory of love
I saw you dreaming

Autumn nearly here
soon leaves colored orange
will fall from the tree

Solitude of dream
swaying palm trees and ocean
make life mystical

If there is silence
let exist now for one endless
kiss in memory

Fragrant roses bloom
in my imagination
of what was our home.

Warm depth of the sea
softly colliding the space
of my one great dream

A long time ago
before the onset of grief
a white picket fence

There was a red door
always the cool sound of jazz
blowing through silence

In the wake of spring
I summoned the youth
of my spirit life

The line they crossed
this time it is their number
the world demands

Someplace far away
in the illusion of time
I see my Father.

Her eyes change from green
to blue, depending on the
color of her dress

The excessive force
define movement, of armies
seeking to gain ground

They join together
in a dream of warm July
and they lie in wait

